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THE

Litchfield SQUABBLE.

An Humourous

POETICAL NARRATION

Of the Several

Tranſactions at the ELECTIONS

For the

County of *STAFFORD*

AND

City of *LITCHFIELD*;

The Horſe-Race and Hunting-Match; with the Particulars of a remarkable Banging Bout; the Whole deſcribing the Inſolence of Power, the Steadineſs of Farmers, and a true Model of Political Madneſs on all Sides.

——*Let the gall'd Jade wince,*
Our Withers are unwrung——
Why let the ſtricken Deer go weep, the Hart
Ungall'd go play,——
A Cat will mow, a Dog will have his Day.

SHAKESPEARE.

By PETER PLAIN-TRUTH, *not Lord* PUFF.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by *B. Dickinſon*, Pamphleteller and Publiſher, againſt the *India Houſe*, in *Leadenhall-Street*. M DCC XLVII. Price One Shilling.

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THE *Litchfield* SQUABBLE, &c.

ASSIST me, Muse, who did inſpire
Blind *HOMER* with poetic Fire;
And made facetious *BUTLER* ſing,
Of Rebels to the *Crown* and *King*:
Who always ready ar't at Need,
When pauſing Bard ſhall ſcratch his Head.
Of Party Quarrels and Alarms,
Elections, Races, Feats of Arms;
Of Butchers fam'd as well in Battle
For thumping L--rds, as killing Cattle;

Of N-blem-n who quit their Rank,
To ſhoot out *Slanders* quite *Point-blank*,
Shadows that *Subſtance* will oppoſe:
Of bluſt'ring Bullies, lath-back'd Beaux;
Of Ladies that Aſſemblies grace
And *Party Knots* diſcreetly place,
Of *Candidates* freſh Votes intreating,
The Follies of a public Meeting;
The Humours of the motley Throng
Shall be the Subject of my Song.

When P--l--m thought they'd done enough,
And all the reſt was idle Stuff,
The weak *Septennials* he diſcharg'd
(You cannot ſay the Time's enlarg'd,
To tell the Truth the Thing was done
As ſome Folks ſay a Year too ſoon)
'Twas urg'd the *D--tch*, *our good Allies*,
Whoſe Actions all the World ſurprize,
Whilſt Votes were kept in ſuch Suſpence
Wou'd leave us void of all Defence;

And that' till they cou'd Members truſt,
Who honeſt were, and true and juſt,
Tho' they ſhou'd loſe their Towns, their Pride
They wou'd declare on neither Side;
And to confirm the Thing ſtill bolder
'Twas that brought in the young St--dt-h--r.

Others, who trade in Politicks
Pretend to find out all their Tricks;
In *Coffee-Houſes* boaſt their Brav'ry,
And talk of *Jeſuitic* Knav'ry:
Say, it was done 'cauſe Plots were laid,
Of which Superiors were afraid;
And that *French* Gold might do at Home,
As ſince it has at *Berg-op-Zoom*;
'Tis hard to ſay it, but *Verſailles*
Too much on *Engliſh* Senſe prevails.

But thoſe who rightly judge the Matter,
And ſcorn to truckle or to flatter,
Say *Harry* form'd this quaint Device,
To ſink the *Boroughs* ſelling Price,

And

And by a prudent happy Choice
Secure each ſure and certain Voice;
Not as his Predeceſſor did,
That to a Man's known Value bid;
For by this Maxim, he'd in Store,
He ſav'd th' *Ex--q--r* o'er and o'er.

The Time was ſet: The Writs return'd,
Th' Effects of which ſome People mourn'd;
To ſome no Trouble cou'd enſue,
For they, poor Folks, but took their Due,
Who were ſent down for them to chooſe,
With Labels as you'd ſend a *Gooſe*.

But STAFFORDSHIRE renown'd for Broils,
Began the Rout, and ſet the Toils,
Where wild Beaſts only ſhou'd be caught,
And LITCHFIELD was th' unhappy Spot.
O where is now the nappy Ale?
On which both Parties might regale;
And Men who gave to Drinking Grace?
As Witneſs good old *Bonniface*.

In

Its *Strength* and *Goodneſs* both agree;
It is but *Half* a Biſhop's See:
Two Cities club to form one Mitre,
And LITCHFIELD ſeems the firſt Inviter;
This Joke the *Proteſtants* ſhou'd rue,
For thus the Church is cut in two.
Sad Emblem that new Feuds wou'd riſe,
And ſome, alas! apoſtatize:
Your *antient Honours* to regain,
Your priſtine *Truth* and *Faith* maintain;
But mentioning that they are loſt,
You can no preſent Virtue boaſt.

We'll leave that Point---Our Tale goes on.---
No ſooner was the Seſſions done,
Than P--rs and Patriots all appear'd--
Some were belov'd and ſome were fear'd;
Some conſcious of the Votes they'd giv'n,
And ſome, without the Dread of Heav'n,
Perſiſting ſtill, choſe to be ill,
Rather than bend, or baulk their Will;

Yet each their *Int'reſt* cloſely ply'd,
(As Watermen attend the Tide;)
Thoſe whom they'd bully'd oft before,
They now bow down to and adore.
" See how the Times are chang'd," ſays one,
Who had by *Voting* been undone;
" Ay, laſt Election, cries another,
" You promis'd to promote my Brother,
" But you forgot, and I am ſcorn'd,
" You've ſhun'd me ſince you were *return'd*."
With ſupple Cringes, formal Smiles,
And all the artful courtly Wiles,
The Sycophant diſguiſes Hate,
And begs they wou'd him reinſtate:
Another comes with well-cram'd Purſe,
Th' *Exc--q--r*'s Ruin, Nation's Curſe!
And by addreſſing *Madam*'s Pride,
Sets all his Plea, at once, aſide.
Now *Scandal* goes to work amain,
And *Envy* with its horrid Train
Of ſlight *Suſpicion*, and *Surmiſe*,
Eſcorted by a *Troop* of *Lies*;

For 'cauſe th' Election may be clear,
No *ſtanding Forces* muſt appear.

Each Candidate maintains his Poſts,
And his Conſtituents accoſts:
To give their Characters wou'd tire
A *Pegaſus*, and damp his Fire;
But thus in Brief we'll give 'em all:
Firſt iſſues forth from *Aſt--n* Hall,
A dapper Lad, alert and thin,
Well known by his unmeaning Grin;
Whoſe Head too weak to hold its Weight,
Will yet direct Affairs of State;
Next comes another gravely wiſe,
Who voted once for th' *Exciſe*,
And ſhifted Parties to and fro',
'Till he the right one did not know,
And diſappointed this ſad Bout,
Reſolv'd he'd not be quite thrown out,
But in the Houſe wou'd get a Seat,
Let what wou'd come attend his Fate,

And rather than he'd baulk his Pride,
He'd turn his Coat and change his Side:
Another more his Cauſe to preſs,
Crows on his Brother's great Succeſs,
And thinks his *Name* alone will ſway
Their Votes, and carry all away.
The laſt boaſts native Patriot Pow'r,
And glories in his Father *G--r*.

All their Pretenſions ſtrongly urge,
And Rivals with looſe Satire ſcourge,
With Paragraphs they cram the Papers;
One begs and prays, another vapours,
And boldly doth on this inſiſt,
That you ſhou'd join his Intereſt;
Thus e'er the Day of Battle comes,
Each ſends out his Election Drums
To rouze th' Electors, who from thence
May ſafely ſleep till ſeven Years hence;
For when they have their Guardians choſe,
They've nothing left to do but doze.

Now let's deſcribe the fatal Day,
When all aſſembled for the Fray,
At ev'ry Meeting Mobs aroſe,
And freely dealt each other Blows;
Butchers on both Sides ſtoutly fought,
The Rabble to the Field were brought;
High-fliers quickly were brought down,
By a ſwinging Knock o' th' Crown;
In Chanels welt'ring lay a *'Squire*,
A *Lord* perhaps flung in the Mire;
Many were trampled on for dead;
A Trifle was a broken Head;
Oſtlers and *Knights* together jumbled,
Promiſcuous on the Ground were tumbled;
Nor had the Clergy better Luck,
The *Bludgeon* always beat the *Book*,
The whole collected Force appears,
And *Balaam*'s Aſſes prick their Ears.
All *bray* Confuſion, and begin,
With Noiſe to uſher Morning in:

Here a *Taylor* now at Leiſure,
Swears the C--rt--rs took wrong Meaſure,
And that to *Rags* the *Government*,
Without his Help, will ſoon be rent;
But to reſtore their antient Pitch,
He'll kindly lend the Hole a *Stitch*.

The *courtly Cobler*, in Return,
Says all the Nation now muſt mourn,
Becauſe the *Conſtitution-Shoe*
Demands to be repair'd a-new;
The late Rebellion's hurt the *Soal*,
Which only *Workmen* can make whole;
And therefore none ſhall have his Aid,
But ſuch as underſtand their Trade;
For Things cannot be brought to bear,
Till they can draw Truth to a Hair.

Whilſt thus the Mob in loud Diſpute,
Rail, cavil, canvaſs, and confute;

The Heads of either Party try,
In Strength the other to outvye;
Their Friends they bring from diſtant Counties,
Superiors ſome, ſome fed on Bounties;
Some quite enflam'd with Party Rage,
Their Lives and Fortunes will engage,
And ſtile it "to defend the Laws,"
When beggar'd in their Country's Cauſe,
Mortgage on Mortgage ſtill they heap,
Rather than ſell their Int'reſt cheap.
And for a trifling Day of Riot,
Deſtroy their Children's Peace and Quiet;
To empty Honour ſacrifice
Their Health, Eſtates, and Families.
Whilſt others, of the public Treaſure,
Profuſe beyond all Rule and Meaſure,
In Shape of Brib'ry walk around,
And all their Politicks confound;
Thus *H--lt* and *V--r--n* roſe at firſt,
But here's the Devil, they're out-purſt:
A while, their better *Angels* flew,
But then alas! too ſoon withdrew;

A fatal *Sunday* interfer'd,
And all their Power over-bear'd;
Forth from his Shop, in ſolemn Mood,
Comes one who many Brunts had ſtood;
Oft he'd been buffeted before,
But now the Man is got in Pow'r,
And, tho' a Tradeſman, with the beſt
Can crack his Bottle, laugh and jeſt;
And this too with a proper Grace,
Thanks to the Profits of his Place:

Occaſion never ſhould be ſlipt,
Leſt Folks ſhou'd by Neglect be tript;
Therefore, as blythe as Bird in *May*,
He hails the *Sunday*'s riſing Day,
And round to his Dependants goes,
Conſulting Friends as well as Foes,
Full well he knew his proper Strength,
And out he lugg'd the Purſe at length;
The Man who cannot *plead* ſhou'd *pay*,
For Purſes more than Words convey;

And where all Oratory fails,
The Chink of Guineas ſtill prevails;
Who then ſhou'd better know to GIVE,
Than thoſe *appointed* to RECEIVE.
That Argument will baffle all,
And make *Elections* riſe or fall,
Like Lott'ry Tickets in the Wheel,
Where Time alone can Luck reveal;
This Method turn'd the Conteſt quite,
Made *White* be *Black*, and *Black* be *White*.
This alter'd all that went before;
" Theſe were thy Arts, thy Triumphs *G--r* !"
And Deputies, when thus ſupplied,
May biaſs Votes on either Side,

Learn hence ye *Wrongheads* in high Station,
Who aſk aloud the *State o' th' Nation!*
And call Enquiries and Committe,
How eaſily the C--rt--rs fit ye!
Ye *Country Party* who exclaim,
And all the C--rt Expences blame:

See how your public Money goes;
Ye but each other thus expoſe,
Your Point you know you cannot gain,
And Oppoſition is in vain;
Your bleeding Country then to ſave,
No more exhauſt the Spoils ſhe gave.
Your Riots and your idle Noiſe,
Cannot be call'd the *People's Voice*,
For Application in one Day,
Set all aſide you had to ſay.

But who next Morn had *Litchfield* ſeen,
In Laughter muſt have buried Spleen.
The Members that had ſerv'd before,
Were then turn'd headlong out of Door;
Poor *L--ſt--r* with complaining Note,
Cou'd not bring o'er one ſingle Vote,
When on the Patriot's Side you ſtood,
Your Cauſe was right, your Party good:
Know, Int'reſt hangs on caſual Things;
You went without your leading Strings;

Refus'd,

Straitway he Home to *Aſt--n* run,
To tell his Friends what had been done;
His Senſes baniſh'd by his Fears,
He even dwindled into Tears.

Sad *V--n--bl--s*, his Caſe too mourn'd,
Finding he cou'd not be *return*'d,
And Homeward drives he in Poſt-haſte;
(Who runs away can't go to faſt;)
In Dudgeon high he curs'd his Fate,
Repented and grew wiſe too late.

Mark now the ſtrange Event of Things,
One Evil ſtill another brings;
The Patriot ſtil'd moſt good and juſt,
True to his Country and his Truſt;
Who in the Oppoſition ſhin'd,
When *Or--f--rd* firſt was undermin'd,
'Gainſt miniſterial Pow'r exclaim'd,
And all their Meaſures ever blam'd.
Now he's in Place that Pow'r abuſes,
Yet boldly all his Deeds excuſes;

But

But why?--What was at *L--tchf--ld* done,
Was only to oblige *his Son.*
But STAFFORD ſhews the true Intent,
Which all the Oppoſition meant;
High-flying Jacks in Swarms appear'd,
When *B--g--t* and *Jack C--we* declar'd,
In vain t' oppoſe 'em *Wr--tt's--y* ſtrove;
The Colliers all their Forces drove,
Demoliſh'd Windows, ruin'd Houſes,
Nay, and made free with ſome Mens Spouſes.
One Day for *Wr--tt's--ly* loud they roar,
And bellow out for *Maſter G--r*:
The next no Name can reach the Ear,
But *C--we* and *B--g--t* you ſhall hear.
Hir'd by the Day, the ſurly Mob,
Pray'd Heaven to prolong the Job:
Amongſt the Number there were many,
Who gladly wou'd have turn'd a Penny,
By letting Conſcience out to hire,
Whatever Sides their Votes deſire;
But hurry'd by the boiſt'rous Throng,
Impetuouſly were drove along

Quite

Quite contrary to their Deſign,
And forc'd the Conquerors to join:
In Crouds from ev'ry Part they come;
'Till *St--ff--rd* could not give 'em Room.

But *Birm--ngh--m* moſt claims our Lays;
Who can record *Sir Robert*'s Praiſe?
What POPE to *Dulneſs* does aſſign,
Will beſt his Qualities define,
" Laborious, buſy, bold and blind,
" He rules in Anarchy the Mind;"
And right or wrong he blunders on,
To pick up Votes about the Town;
The Wiſeman's Scorn, to Fools a Jeer,
Yet ſtill the Man will perſevere;
With Nonſenſe as he firſt ſet out,
He ſtill keeps on the ſelf-ſame Route:
So in a Wheel the *Turnſpit* plac'd,
Seems to run round in mighty Haſte;
But when all's done, alas! poor Cur!
He not one Inch doth further ſtir.

Why *T--pp--ng* wou'dſt thou more adventure,
And on new Broils and Tumults enter?
Remember you were burnt before,
This Scratching but renew'd the Sore,
After the mighty Stir you made,
You ſlunk away aſham'd, afraid,
Sneak'd out of Town without Attendants,
Forſaken by your own Dependants,
No more in Search of Quarrels roam,
But ſing huſh! lullaby! at Home.

Say, who is he doth next appear,
Whoſe Voice appalls the liſt'ning Ear?
A fit Companion to the firſt,
Who needs muſt ſpeak, or elſe he'd burſt,
Tho' all his Words to nothing tend,
And Noiſe and Nonſenſe equal blend,
Who 'cauſe his Clack can never ceaſe,
Wou'd be enroll'd *one of the Peace*;
Do but behold him and adore him,
A pretty Chap for *unus Quorum*:

Tho',

Tho', if Aſſurance wou'd obtain it,
The blund'ring Wretch perhaps might gain it;
Prithee, who is he?--Ceaſe your Search,
Cries a good Man---You know *Jack B--b.*
When ſuch as theſe for Freedom hallow,
No Wonder Men of Senſe won't follow.

Not but on both Sides, 'tis confeſt,
The Mob in Bawling did their beſt;
And who can hireling Butchers blame,
When they to Colliers did the ſame;
The very Women too they treat,
And Boys and Girls to ſwarm the Street;
One roars in *Baſs*, one *Treble* ſqueaks,
The Female Tongue the Concert breaks;
And here again comes into Play,
Induſtrious, great Receiver *M---*.
Buſily he the Purſe applies,
And ev'ry Palm with Judgment tries;
Some being ſoft, th' Impreſſion took,
Whilſt others cou'd no Feeling brook:

Only

Only the roaring Boys he won,
Who ſtrove the others Voice to drown;
Three ſuch contentious Noiſe-promoters,
Wou'd ſcare an hundred modeſt Voters.
Loud grew the Din, when all aghaſt,
H--gh Sh--r--ff *H--t* made off in Haſte;
And as he went, under your Favour,
Some ſay he left an ugly Savour;
But when his Reaſons were deſir'd him,
Buſineſs of Conſequence requir'd him.
Up roſe Sir *R--cb--d* in a Pet,
And a ſhort Day to end it ſet;
But all in vain, for Mr. *C--*,
Said he was in a Hurry too,
To hear how Things in *Cb--ſb--re* went,
Where to be choſe was his Intent,
As he retain'd his Intereſt ſtrong,
In caſe Things here ſhould happen wrong;
A cunning Archer you all know,
Provides two Strings unto his Bow.
Sir *W--lt--r* happy in his Numbers,
Over the P--ll-book gently ſlumbers,

And

And *L--v--ſ--n* ſits quite ſecure,
His Brother's Influ'nce makes him ſure;
In vain Sir *R--ch--d* may apply,
The Sh--r--ff grants no Scrutiny,
But plump at once returns 'em both;
Doubtleſs according to his Oath!

The Election's o'er, in Diſcontent
They to their ſev'ral Quarters went;
Some glorying in their *Succeſs*;
Others *Revenge* as much expreſs,
And ſoon the fatal Day draws near,
A Day unhappy to a P--r.
The Race Sportſmen now invite,
Races the *Engliſhman*'s Delight.
To make th' Appearance grand and fine,
B-- and *G--* their Forces join,
B-- whoſe *Skill in Navigation*,
Has rais'd him to the higheſt Station,
Where now aloft he doth preſide,
Supreme in Power as in P--de;

In ſuch a Poſt, no Doubt, Dependants
Are not a few, or grand Attendants,
And when their Chief ſhall pleaſe to call,
They muſt run to him one and all.
All Officers who hope Promotion
Muſt to their Idol pay Devotion.
The C--pt--n that deſires a Ship,
Shou'd never ſuch Occaſions ſlip:
And thus a motley Train appears,
Of feather'd Fops, and rough Jack Tars,
Of all his G--- cou'd ſummon thither,
To pleaſe his L--dy's good old Father.

The OLD ONE too his Stumps beſtirr'd,
To bring in the out-lying Herd;
All whom his Favours cou'd invite,
Or great Authority affright,
Muſt come his ſervile Train to grace,
And help to dignify his Race.
" Have I, ſays he, ſo long withſtood,
" Thoſe who wou'd ſhed our *Engliſh* Blood,

" And when Rebellion ſhook the Land,
" Made ſuch a glorious noble Stand,
" Prepar'd, tho' old, to mount my Horſe,
" And join the King with all my Force;
" And will you now my Call refuſe?
" By Heav'n you cannot, ſhall not chuſe,
" My *Pow'r* ſhall bring you, if not *Bounty*;
" Know, I'm Lieut-t--nt of the C--nt-y."

With him came PUFF, his darling Child,
(My L--d, as *commonly* he's ſtil'd)
Richly bedeck'd with Lace and Feather,
They kindly firſt ſhook Hands together;
Then with a pretty ſmiling Face,
He to his Sire made known his Caſe:
" You've had ſad Work, ſays he, in *Chuſing*,
" Thumps, Blows, and Kicks both Sides abuſing;
" At *W-ſtm--r* 'twas much the ſame,
" And ſure enough, I'd loſt my Aim;
" But 'twas a Stroke moſt brave and daring,
" To tack me to Sir *P--r W--n*,

" My

" My Intereſt wou'd ſurely fail,
" Had you not *pinn'd me to his Tail*;
" But he by all was ſo belov'd,
" With him into the Houſe I ſhov'd.
" And now I'm here, I'll let 'em know,
" We'll beat 'em ſtill in Pomp and Shew:
" The Ladies Preſence I'll requeſt,
" Do you and *B*-- bring the reſt.

So ſaid, ſo done---For the firſt Day,
Th' Appearance was extremely gay;
The brilliant Fair us'd all their Art,
To charm the Eye and melt the Heart;
Like Meteors blazing round the *Race*,
At *Night* the ſplendid *Ball* they grace.

But mark how ſoon their Splendor's gone!
(Clouds will obſcure the Morning Sun)
Some who on *Tueſday* ſhone ſo bright,
On *Wedn'ſday* were in diſmal Plight;
And little thought, amidſt their Boaſting,
To meet with ſuch a ſound Rib-roaſting.

The

The *Party-Poiſon* was not kill'd,
And *Venom* thro' their *Veins* diſtill'd:
Old *W--gſt--ff* ſmoak'd the Matter well,
And vow'd he wou'd their Mirth diſpell,
He thought it hard, that *Lords in Pow'r*,
With Inſolence ſhou'd all devour,
And thus enjoy their revel Rout,
Whilſt honeſt *Farmers* were kept out.
Next Day the Mob for Miſchief ready,
And ſome who ſtil'd themſelves *moſt ſteady*,
Rode on in Numbers to the Courſe,
And drove the C--nt--ss thence by Force;
Oh ſad Diſaſter! who cou'd view
The noble D--ke beat Black and Blue,
His Honours trampled in the Dirt,
His Courage gone, and *à là mort*,
Whilſt Hunting-whips around him twang'd,
And Cudgels thick his Shoulders bang'd;
Hooted by Clowns, 'till forc'd to yield,
He was quite glad to quit the Field,
And to a neighb'ring Fort retire,
To cool his yet untamed Ire.

Who this cou'd ſee, and not bewail,
That N--bleman ſhou'd be ſo frail?
For't it may be ask'd, the Queſtion's fair,
" Pray, had *He* any Bus'neſs there?

Dame *Scandal* fond to propagate
Reports of thoſe ſhe ſeems to hate,
Says, he this fatal Drubbing got,
And by a Farmer went to Pot,
'Cauſe he refus'd to pay a Bet,
That he had with the Butcher ſet;
D'ye know me? cry'd the batter'd P--r:
" *Know ye!* ſays *Clodpole* moſt ſevere,
" No; but be L--d, or D--, or Devil,
" This Horſe-whip ſhall requite the Evil.

The *Jacks*, and thoſe who ſeem'd moſt hearty,
To aid their Schemes and join their Party,
Tho' thus they baulk'd the Scheme of Mirth,
Gave to another Riot Birth;
As to the Race they'd not been counted,
Yet ſtill to *private Clubs* reſorted;

Where Pupils were to be inſtructed,
How all their Scheme ſhou'd be conducted;
The *Patriots* had enjoy'd their Day,
Tho' 'twas embitter'd by a Fray;
A public Meeting *Theſe* decreed,
Where harmleſs Stags alone ſhou'd bleed;
A *Hunting March*, where with good Will,
Each ſwore the *cheſeſt Hart* to kill;
The Foreſters of Old were ſeen
Always, array'd in comely Green;
Theſe Heroes had more quaint Devices,
To gratify their wild Caprices,
They all agreed a Mark to fix,
Leſt others with their Train ſhou'd mix.
The *Plaid* that fatal Rebel Dreſs,
Their innate Rancour muſt expreſs,
As if they wou'd by outward Shew,
Let you their ſecret Treaſons know.
O Knights and Commoners beware!
Of ſuch Commotions pray take Care,
The End will bring you to Diſgrace,
Think of the Song of *Chevy Chace*.

To ſtrive to fix fair *England*'s Peace,
Let *Quarrels* at Elections ceaſe;
But if you thus vile Feuds maintain,
Diſſention's all your Aim, 'tis plain;
Who deſigns to wear Rebellion's Coat,
Wou'd ne'er refuſe to cut a Throat;
Tho' wiſely ſome contriv'd to hide
Their Badge and *Trim* on either Side,
The *Coat* conceal'd the *Plaid* beneath;
Others the Roſe in Ribband wreathe,
Which tho' 'tis white, yet ſeems to bluſh
At Men, who ought to do as much.
Now ſtate the Caſe on either Side,
And let *Plain-Truth* the Thing decide.

When Party *Bigots* vainly ſtrive,
To keep our fell Diſputes alive,
And their own bad Deſigns to ſmother,
Amongſt their Neighbours make a Pother;
Poiſon'd with the Infatuation,
Which had of late near ſunk the Nation;

When

When *C--urt--rs* waſte their public Wealth,
To gain a Vote or two by Stealth:
When *Countrymen* their Subſtance ſpend,
Pretending 'tis the Times to mend,
But to our Sorrow oft before,
They've ſhewn 'twas but to get in Pow'r.
When free Electors for a *Fowl*,
Will ſell their Vote, and pawn their Soul;
When D--ke's in noiſy Broils delight,
And ſtoop with the low Mob to fight:
The *honeſt Man* who's true and juſt,
Firm to his *Country* and his *Truſt*,
Tho' ſtill he thinks the Whole is bad,
Laughs at ye all as run ſtark mad;
Like that which *Feſtus* ſaid to *Paul*,
Your *Politics* have *craz'd* ye all;
Nor ſhou'd they in St, ST--EH--N's ſit,
Who for a MAD-HOUSE are more fit.

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FINIS.

When C--rt--rs waste their public Wealth,
To gain a Vote or two by Stealth:
When Countrymen their Substance spend,
Pretending 'tis the Times to mend,
But to our Sorrow oft before,
They've shewn 'twas but to get in Pow'r.
When free Electors for a Feast,
Will sell their Vote, and pawn their Soul;
When D--ke's in holy Broils delight,
And stoop with the low Mob to fight:
The honest Man who's true and just,
Firm to his Country and his Trust,
Tho' still he thinks the Whole is bad,
Laughs at ye all as run stark mad;
Like that which Esdras said to Paul,
Your Politics have craz'd ye all;
Nor shou'd they in St. St--ph--n's sit,
Who for a MAD-HOUSE are more fit.

FINIS.